

Microcosmus.
A
MORALL
MASKE.

PRESENTED VVITH
generall liking, at the private
house in SALISBURY Court,
and heere

Set down according to the intention
of the Authour

THOMAS NABBES.

Debet et prodesse, et delectare Poeta.



LONDON,
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and are to be sold at the white Lyon in Pauls
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1637

TO
THE SERVICE
AND DELIGHT OF
ALL TRULY NOBLE,
GENEROUS AND HO-
NEST SPIRITS,

THE AVTHOR THO-
MAS NABBES

dedicateth both his

LITTLE WORLDS.

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*To his deare friend the Authour upon
his MICROCOSMUS.*

THE knowledge of the little World of old
Liv'd in Philotophers, who barely sold
Man 'twas himself. Thy learning and thy wit
By breathing life and action into it
Have made that knowledge full. Here men may see
Presented what they ought, what not to be;
Inform and please themselves, and cry it good.
(The World's not wise oft in such gratitude.)
Were the restraint ta'ne off, our eares and sight
Should fetch new shares of profit and delight
From this thy worke or World, and the supplies
That shall from thy Divine Minerva rise.
And friend I hope the stage agen will shine,
In part for mine owne sake as well as thine.

RICH. BROOME.

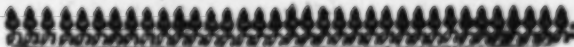
To

To his beloved friend Master
Thomas Nabbes.

SEEING thy Microcosmus, I began
To contemplate the parts that make up Man
A little World. I found each Morall right;
All was instruction mingled with delight.
Nor are things like those Poets looser times
That waite upon the humours of the times:
But thou dost make by thy Poetick rage
A Schoole of Vertue of a common Stage.
Methinks the ghosts of Stoicks vexe to see
Their doctrine in a Masque unmask'd by thee.
Thou mak'st to be exprest by action more,
Then was conceiv'd in all their Bookes before.

WILL. CHAUNDE.

The errors escap'd in the Presse are not such, but that the apparent oversight of the Correctour may prevent thy taxing me of ignorance. I therefore have omitted to expresse them.



The Persons figur'd.

Nature.

A faire Woman in a white robe wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, starres, &c. on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with starres.

Jannu.

A man with two faces signifying providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes as hee is *Dem anni*: on his head a crowne. He is *Natures* husband.

Fire.

A fierce countenanc'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleames of fire. His haire red; and on his head a crowne of flames. His creature a *Vulcano*.

Ayre.

A young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers coloured clouds. His haire blue; and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a *Gyant* or *Silvane*.

Water.

A woman in a Sea-greene robe wrought with waves. Her haire a Sea-greene, and on her head a wreath of seggs bound about with waves. Her creature a *Syrène*.

Earth.

A young woman of a sad countenance, in a grasse-greene robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers. Her haire black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a *Pigmy*.

B

Love

The Persons figur'd.

Love.

A Cupid in a flame colour'd habite; Bow and quiver,
a crowne of flaming hearts,&c.

Physander.

A perfect growne man in a long white robe, and on
his head a garland of white Lillies and Roses mixt. His
name *Διὸς ἑρμῆς καὶ ἀνδρῶν*.

Choller.

A Fencer. His clothes red.

Blond.

A dancer in a watchet colour'd sute.

Phlegme.

A Physician. An old man, his doublet white and black,
trunk hose.

Melancholy.

A Musician. His complexion haire and clothes black :
a Lute in his hand. He is likewise an amotist.

Bellamina.

A lovely woman in a long white robe : on her head a
wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soule.

Bonni Geniu.

An Angel in a like white robe: wings & wreath white.

Malin Geniu.

A divell in a black robe: haire, wreath and wings black.

The 5. Senses.

Seeing a Chambermaid. *Hearing* the usher of the
Hall. *Smelling* a Huntsman or Gardner. *Tasting* a Cooke.
Touching a Gentleman-usher.

Sensu-

The Persons figur'd.

Sensuality.

A wanton woman richly habited, but lasciviously
dress'd, &c.

Temperance.

A lovely woman of a modest countenance: her gar-
ments plaine, but decent, &c.

A Philosopher.

An Eremite.

A Ploughman.

A Shepheard.

All properly
habited.

3. Furies.

As they are commonly fancied.

Fear.

The cryer of the Court, with a tipstaffe.

Conscience.

The Iudge of the Court.

Hope and despair.

An advocate and a Lawyer.

The other 3. vertues.

As they are frequently exprest by Painters.

The Heroes.

In bright antique habits, &c.

The Front.

Of a workmanship proper to the fancy of the rest, ad-
orn'd with brasse figures of Angels and Divels, with
severall inscriptions: The Title in an Escoccheon sup-
ported by an Angell and a Divell. Within the arch a
continuing perspective of ruines, which is drawne still
before the other scenes whilst they are varied.

The Inscriptions.

Hinc gloria.

Hinc pena.

Appetitus boni.

Appetitus mali.

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MICROCOSMVS.

For the first Act.

*After a confused noyse and Musicke out of
tune, Nature enters as amaz'd at it.*

WHat horrow wakes me | and disturbs the
peace
I fate inthron'd in ? shall dissention ruine
Eternall acts ? Hath the great deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference ?
Cease mutiny, or be your owne destructions.
Accurst confusion that neglects the forme
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve yee :
That in distinguisht order yee might shew
The glory of my worke; each in his spheare
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are uselesse. Their deafe wills
Persist to act their owne and my sad ill.

To ber Ianus.

Where's my delight | whence is this sad dejection ?
How amaz'd *Nature* stands | Have our imbraces
Brought forth a race of elementall formes
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now

Microcosmus.

Neglect their teeming? I would be a Grandfather,
And see my issue multiply.

Nature. Oh husband!

Our union hath beene vaine; our off-spring proves
A rebell to our peace, and natures lawes.
Light fire descends to earth, beneath whose weight
He grones to be deliver'd, till with struggling
He lifts earth up, in whose repression ayre
Contracts his forces to extinguish fire.
Again; fire from this mutinous assault
Doubles his strength; when straight ambitious water
Climbing his seate consumes her selfe in flames.
Thus fire, ayre, water, earth, each would be all,
And are made neither; but a confus'd masse,
And indigested *Chaos*.

Ianus. Am I *Ianus*,

(The figure of eternall providence)
And shall this disobedience scape the stroke
Of my sever'd correction? Fire I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramides skip upward.
He chaine earth to her centre. Ayre had best
Confine himselfe to his three regions,
Or else He disinherit him. If water
Exceed her bounds.

*To them the foure Elements, with their severall instruments
exeratsid, (which Paracelsus calleth homines spiritua-
les) playing on antique instruments out of tune.*

Nar. See; the dissentious come

Maz'd in the errors of their owne confusion;
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. How my griefes
Presse downe the organes of my utterance,
And choake words in their passage I Speake good *Ianus*.

Ian. Yee disobedient children of that love

That joyn'd us to produce yee.

Fire. Stop good father,

Our

Microcosmus.

Our wills are deafe to counsaile.

Ayre. Or to threats.

Set both your browes with wrinkles, and put on
Th' austerest anger, wee'l be aw'd by none
But our owne wills.

Wat. Ile quench my brothers flames,
Or burne my selfe into him. My cold moyseuse
Shall not be ty'd t' embrace as cold a sister,
And not ascend above them.

Earth. Ile be active
As ayre or fire. Else with my ponderous weighe,
Ile presse their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inversion bury them within me,
'Till earthquakes shatter all, and finall ruine
Dilate their passage.

Fire. Are we not one birth?
Why then should there be a precedency,
And not an equall power of all first qualities?
Be not you partiall parents, wee'l obey
The government of nature.

Ayre. Otherwise
With our owne strength we'l prosecute this warre
'Till ruine stop's it.

Law. Stubborne boyes, Ile yoake yee
In such a bondage.

Nat. Gentle husband try
Perswasions strength: Perhaps 'twill better worke
Vpon the temper of their fiercer nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile yee:
That in your peace I may preserve the order
Of my intended worke. Should fire forsake
His lofty mansion, and infect his flames
With grosser weight, it would benumbe his actiuess,
And make his motion dull. Were my pure ayre
Pent in his sisters entrailles, her foule veines
Would soone infect him. What creation mean't
In your diversities, your rash ambitions

Must

Microcosmus.

Must not pervert. Since providence hath made yee
The meanes for many ends, dispute not them,
Nor your owne thought-defects: each is supply'd
With a perfection, and an equall worth
Distinguisht in proportion; but the excellence
Of your owne attributes cannot appeare,
Whilst you disturbe the distribution
Of them to other formes, which from your mixtures
Must enter different bodies of the first,
Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
Vapours & exhalations; meteors; vegetables
And minerals; animals, and lastly man, *Homo dicitur*
Call'd so from concord: for he doth contain *diversos humo-*
A harmony of parts, and in them figure *res; non ab*
His end of being. Let not then your wills *humor, ut atq;*
Persist in this rebellious mutiny, *volunt.*
And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
And leave the reason of such acts to me.

Firs. Vaine oratory. Think you us so easie
To be overcome by words I swell high my rage,
And with licentious fury breake the eyes
Of these too weake commands.

Ayre. Let's on to fight,
Whilst the yet discord of the untun'd spheares
Add's courage, and delights our warlike cares.

*The 4. Elements and their creatures dance a confused dance
to their owne antique musick: in which they seeme to
fight with one another: and so goe forth confusedly.*

Nat. What shall we doe? The universall fabrick
Will be everted, if this war continue:
Let's sue to Love; his power may be prevailing.

To them Love.

Love. See; Love appeares at thy request,
Thou cause of motion and of rest.
Thou greater powers great substitute,

Whose

Microcosmus.

Whose will and acts none must dispute.
Thou that form'st the best of things
From thought-impossibles, and brings
Contrary matters to produce
Another difference, then the use
Of a meere quality in one
Can worke unto perfection.
Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
To propagate a lasting stock;
And multiply that th' issue might
Be little lesse then infinite.
Thou mother of all that is found
Within this universall round,
What is thy will with Love?

Nat. Oh gentle power
Thou that art Natures soule, and the beginning
Of every humane thing: that giv'st them lawes,
And to thy selfe art law. Figure of peace;
That to thy godheads attribute annex
The quiet order of the worlds vast frame
To have its forme and being from thy rule;
Which must be now imperious or its ruine
Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
Have ras'd rebellion, and dis-joynted quite
The order of their fabrick. The pure heavens
(Whose motion should be harmony) rowle crosse,
And bend their Axletree, 'till both the poles
Doe kisse each others ends. Then rectifie
Great Love this dire confusion.

Love. Straight Ile doe it.
Can Love deny if Nature woo it.
The heavens first in tune Ile set;
And from their musick soone beget
A charme, of power to make light fire
Skip to his sphere, and earth retire
To her parcht den. The subtile ayre
Ile calme from mists, and make it faire,

• *Microcosmus.*

And water with her curl'd waves sweepe
The bounded channels of the deepe,
That order may succeed, and things
Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
Move right yee spheares in concord sound,
And with your musick fill this round.

*Whilst the following song is singing, the first Scene appears ;
being a spheare in which the 4. Elements are figur'd,
and about it they sit imbracing one another.*

The Song.

*Hence confusion and dissention,
Be no more new formes prevention,
Crossing still
A mothers will,
And Natures great intension.
Concord is the soule of being.
Nothing's better than agreeing.*

Chorus.

*Then let imbraces crowne this times beginning,
Loves power is winning.
And when he throws the darts that arme his hands,
Who can resist his great commands?*

Nat. Nature must pay Love thanks for this great worke
Of reconciliation. May the peace
Be lasting as your selues, and no ambition
Move a new warre : but from your loving mixtures
New generation follow.

Love. Spheares againe
Your brazen trebles higher straine.
And lusty moving sounds advance
To make us active whilst we dance.

The dancer.

*New to the other worke : our art
Shall make all perfect ere we part.
They returne into the Scene, and it closeth.*

For

Microcosmus.

For the Second Act.

Phylander led in by Ianus.

Ian. Come forth thou son of earth, and view the day
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.

Phyf. What am I? My imperfect sence is yet
Vnapprehensive, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know my selfe.

Ian. Looke up thou master-peece
Of Natures workmanship, thou little world:
Thou that excel'it in forme, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand
Design'd and finish't: That when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Looke downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the starres, and contemplate their beings,
Celestiall causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue: Thou that hast speech
To be thy thoughts interpreter, expect
A farther act of Love to crowne thy life
By joyning thee to an immortall wife. *Exit.*

Phyf. Receive my thanks great power. I yet am maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, till their multitude
Choakes up the passage. Oh ye powers that made me
To be a King, and to have soveraignty
Annex't unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darknesse.

To him the 4. Complexions.

Phyf. Ha! what are these?

Chol. You may goe looke. Yet if you aske me mildly,
perhaps Ile answer you.

Microcosmus.

Blood. We are sent to be your servants.

Phys. By whom?

Our parents, the foure Elements.

Phys. Your names?

Chol. My name is *Choller*. I was begot by *Fire* on *Nature*: Cooke-maide in the time of a Feastivall. I was dry nurted by a leane Butterwife, and bred up in *Mars* his Fencing-schoole: where I have learn't a mystery that consists in lying, distance and direction; pace, space and place; Time, motion and action; progression, reversion and traversion; blowes, thrusts, falses, doubles, slips and wards; closings, gripes and wrastlings; fights guardant, open, variable and close. Then have wee our stocatas, imbrocatas, mandritas, puintas and puintas reversas; our stramitons, passatas, carricadas, amazzas and incartatas.

Phys. And what's all this?

Chol. Termes in our dialect to pusle desperate ignorance.

Phys. What's yours?

Blood. My name is *Blood*. *Ayre* was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madame that kept a vaulting-schoole at the signe of *Virga*. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hould, and fell downe into my fathers regions, where had not hee kind man stopt her about the middle, shee had brake her neck against a rock of Ice that hung beneath her, and *Blood* had not bene as he is, a Dancer sir.

Phys. What art skill'd in?

Blood. Garbes and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a Lord; a back-fall for a Lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But *pardonne moy monsier*, it doe straine a *de back too much*. Here's a traverse for a nimble Lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the sonne of a Cobler well under-lay'd with pieces to the government of a province, 'till over-much ambitious cutting weares him into his Last. A turne above ground for a Mercuriall pick-pocket, and an easie passage to destruction

Microcosmus.

tion for him that danceth after infected wantonnesse.
(*cum multis alijs.*)

Phys. And what's your name?

Phleg. *Phlegme* mine sir. *Water* was my mother, and she made me a Physician. I was nurs'd by *Apollon's* Herbwife that dwells at the signe of the Crab, and she taught me to goe backwards.

Phys. And what can you doe?

Phleg. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aureum palpabile* out of them. Kill any one *cum privilegio artis*. I am *Venus* Midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveale but to my Apothecary when we mee'te at *Libra* to share and settle our correspondence. Your Physician will serve you at your death sir.

Physa. Now your name?

Melan. I am called *Melancholy*. I was begotten on the earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness: who breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would faine be in love; but having no other mistress, I am inforced to love mine owne humour.

Physa. All these are humours, and must be my servants. What a vast bounty have the heavens given me? But I must labour to preserve them regular.

And not exceeding their proportions

Of substance or of quality, for then

They will be masters. Disagreeing I

Chol. He hath stirr'd me sir, and I will be angry.

Blood. Then *Phlegme* must coole you.

Chol. *Phlegme's* a toole.

Melan. Or a Physician.

Phleg. *Choller*, you must be taken downe.

Chol. Ne soone be up againe. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odde number.

Phys. Come, this agrees not with a servants duty. You must subscribe to order. *Phlegme* shall be

Microcosmus.

My substitute to moderate these jarrings.
And if hereafter any one transgresse
But in the least dissention that disturbs
The quiet of my state, he shall correct it;
Nor spare himselfe. For in a government
Th' offence is greatest in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in lawes
The authors trespassse makes the foulest cause. *Recorders.*
What admiration workes upon my sense!
I heare and see such objects as would make
Creation doubtfull whether she were perfect
Without these parts. Into what strange delights
I'm hurried on the sudden? ha!

*The second Scene is here discover'd, being a perspective of
clouds, the inmost glorious, where Bellamina sits be-
twixt Love and Nature; behind her she Bonus and
Malus Genius.*

Nas. Looke hither
Thou comfort of my love that gave thee being
To figure greater power. See, *Love* hath brought
Thy wish a spouse of 's owne immortall race,
Clad in the glory of her innocence.
Doe not defile her, yet shee's virgin white,
And joyn'd unto thee, that thou mayst enjoy
Knowledge and vertue, not thy sensuall pleasures;
For being linckt unto thee she is made
As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
As thou of mortall griefes. Let her direct
Thy powers of appetite. Shee'l shew thee heaven,
And the reward of good; and if thou misse
The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
To share thy ruine, and pervert the ends
Of her eternity. Which if thou tread
By her directions, she communicates,
And makes thee like her selfe. She must be chang'd
According to thy disposition.

Then

Microcosmus.

Then let my counsaile be so deepe imprest
The prosecution of't may make thee blest.

*Whilst the following song is singing, they descend from the
Scene and present Beilamina to Phylander.*

Love. Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings
Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernall fire:
Whose heate shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dreggs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense deluding appetite
To seeke out other wantons led,
So heaven at length shall crowne thy head.

The Song.

Descend thou fairest of all creatures,
Grac't with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine;

For thou art

In every part

Little lesse than divine.

Take thy Bride and enjoy her,

But not with soule desires annoy her:

For she is white

And hath no true delights

But what is given

From the desire of heaven.

Chorus.

New joyne, and each to other happy prove,

That neither may

Be led astray

To seeke a stranger love.

Love

Microtome.

Love and Nature returns to the Scene, and is disguised.

Phis. After my sacrifice of vowes and chankes
Let me imbrace with reverence, Oh my life,
And better soule: joy hath possession taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To these delights.

Bella. Doe not abuse them then,
For my pure substance will admit no mixture
With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
Be so defil'd. Together with my selfe
I must bestow on thee two different servants.
The one is like my selfe, all innocence,
The other's clad in an infernall robe
Of malice tous, and will tempt thy frailty
To loose desires, from her black invention
Forging aspersions on me to divert
Thy love: which I so prize, my blisse or ruine
Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
Those accusations, deafe thy understanding
To her suggestions, and informe thy reason
Onely from th' other, who best knowes my passions,
Powers and habits: thou wast made for me
To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Bella. And when I doe forsake thee, or infect
My looser thoughts with any other object
Then thy wisht good, may I be made th' example
Of imbecillity; the spoyle of time;
Mockery of fortune; image of inconstancy;
The scale of envie and calamity.
And this faire structure (now by these upheld)
Be buried in it's owne and their sad ruines.

Chol. I am angry at it. We shall have morall now in
stead of Martiall discipline. Challenges will bee pro-
claim'd cowardise: and every white-liver'd silk-skinn'd
Lady, courtier will answer a mans anger with, if it were
not

Microcosmus.

not for the lawe and conscience. If no body will pro-
voke me, Ile quarrell with my selfe.

Phleg. Take heed Choller of a halter.

Chol. Phlegme thou art a Mountebank, and I will make
thee quake.

Melan. Not so hot good Choller. I am partaking, and
as discontented at this match as envie can make mee. I
could hatch a conspiracy to sever them, should cause po-
sterity attribute all Matchiavillianisme to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented, and the expectation of so
many children begot on severall mothers that should
dote on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of
my back is utterly frustrate. No Lady of liberty must
admire this passage, or that skipping, till her veins
swell with my addition. I must no more run here and
there to tickle her sense, and fright the greene-sicknesse
from her complexion.

Mela. Shall it be a plot?

Chol. Let's kill them presently.

Phleg. But the meanes?

Blood. Why, is not *Phlegmus* a Physitian?

Phys. Come my kind servants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilst the spheres agree
To guide your measures with their harmony.

*A dance, wherein the complexions expresse themselves in
their differences: the two Genij alwaies opposite in the
figure, and the Malus Genius stealing many times to
Phylander, whispers in his ears.*

I am disturb'd within; a new desire
Whet's appetite of pleasure in some change,
Such as may touch the fence without a scruple
Of wedlocks breach. Hence with these lawes of consci-
That would set limites to what's infinite. (Hence
Two kisses more will cloy me; nought can relish
But variation.

Mal. Gen. Harken then to me.

D

Leave

Microcosmus.

Leave this strict Bride that curbs licentious will,
And rayn's it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed
On severall objects, else 'twill glut it selfe
Into a loathing.

Phys. I applaude thy counsaile,
And am prepar'd to act it.

Bella. Ha! *Physander.*
So suddenly forgetfull of thy vowes
Before full consummation of those rites
Crowne Bridegroomes happy?

Bon. Ge. Be not thus mil-led
By her malicious envie. She but shewes thee
The easie path to ruine, whose broad entrance
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ills attend our misery
Contracted into one. Though vertues way
Be hard and straight to enter, yet the end
Reacheth to heaven, where her faire hand bestowes
Wreathes of bright stars to crowne deserving browes.

Phys. Whispe that still; each accent's musically.
The more conceit of it makes me immortall.
Hence; by converse is hartfull. He not tye
Desire to such embraces. He enjoy
A mistress free and sportive; that can vary
All shapes of dalliance, and present delight
Each minute in a severall fashion.
Guide me, He follow.

Compl. And we will attend. *Exeunt.*
Bella. Wretched *Bellamina*, that in the instant
Of thy expected comfort, shouldst be throwne
Below all misery! O that lustfull sense
Should cause divorce betwixt us! I am lost
Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
Must be partaking of his hated ills:
Such is the fate of wedlock. His content *Exit with*
In false delights, must be my punishment. *Bon. Ganus.*

For

For the third Act.

Phylander richly habited. Malus Genius, the foure Complexions.

Phyf. I'm bravely fitted; these are fitting ornaments.
Come my best prompter, with indeavours wings
Let's cut the ayre, and straine our motion,
Till we attaine this bowre of Sensuality.
And let the repetition of her praise
Sweeten my painefull longings. My desire
Fee's many throes of travaile; till deliver'd
Of it's sweet issue.

Mal.Ge. You must suffer for't.
Pleasures whose meanes are easie, in the end
Doe lose themselves. Things onely are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some paines,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare your selfe
To court it bravely. Shee's high-spirited;
And will not stoope to every common bayte
That catcheth easie wantonnesse.

Phyf. What's the best?

Chol. A rough Souldiers phrase; a strong back, and a
brawny limbe; bayte her with these shee'l bite home.
If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry farewell:
after a few dissembling teares shee'l yeeld with the greater
appetite. If she refus'd me, I'de kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance sir, and shew your selfe
active before her, 'twere impossible for her to hold out
'till the discovery of one knave amongst many officers.
Dancing is the most taking; if a man rise well, his Mi-
stresse cannot chuse but fall.

Phleg. Court her with solid language, and such dis-
course

Microcosmus.

course as may relish of aged experience. Expresse your thoughts such, and your actions such, as shee may conceive judgement to be intayl'd upon you. If she be vertuous, that winnes upon her soule, and let your Physition alone with her body: If shee bee wanton, Phlegme can administer provocatives.

Melan. Might I advise you sir, a passion at Courtship were more powerfull. Let a sigh be the period of every amorous sentence. Sing her some pathetick madrigall full of cromatick flats: 'twill shurpen her. I would have all lovers begin and end their prick-song with *Lachry-mus*, till they have wept themselves as dry as I am.

Phys. The ayre me thinkes begins upon a sudden To be perfum'd, as if Arabian windes Scatter'd their spices loofely on the face Of some rich earth, fruitfull with aromates. Musick breathes forth the soule of harmony. *Musick.* How egerly my senses catch these objects!

To them the 5. Sences.

But what are these?

Mal.Ge. Servants to *Sensuality*
That waite her will, and with a diligence
Becomming duty doe prepare her pleasures.
The'r sent to entertaine you.

Phys. What their names,
And offices?

Seeing. Seeing mine sir. I am my Ladies Chambermaide, and the daughter of a Glasse-maker. A piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack't. I have beene often cemented together, but could never hold above a moneth. Through me sir you may see my Ladies secrets, and mine owne are at your service when you shall command their revelation.

Hear. My name's *Hearing*. I am usher of the Hall, and the trumpet that proclaimes dinner ready with, Gentlemen, and Yeomen. When my Lady removes to
her

Microcosmus.

her Cityl privacy (for shee keeps open house in the Country) I am the foreman at her Gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggers. If you love noyle sir, my wife and my selfe are at your service.

Phys. Pray sir your name?

Smel. Mine is *Smelling*. I am my Ladies Huntsman, and keepe some lesser beagles for her chamber-use to execute the freewill of her necessities eruptions. I play the Gardner likewise, and attend her alwaies when shee goes to pluck a Rose. My Mistress *Cloaca* had a very stinking breath, before *Misfackmas* perfum'd her, and she is now growne lesse common, then when her imperfections lay open. When you will use me sir, you shall alwaies have me under your nose.

Phys. And what's yours?

Taste. *Tasting* mine sir. I am my Ladies Cooke, and King of the Kitchin: where I rule the roast; command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My Subjects being all Souldiers are daily encounter'd by most fierce stomachs, and never return'd but maym'd and dismember'd. Brawne, Beefe, and Porke are alwaies mustler'd in the van, and bring up Veale, Mutton, Minc't-pye, Goose, Turkie, Duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly Custards, borne in the City, but bred up at Court, that quake for feare: yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome even by the women with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of Rabbits, Pheasant, Kid, Partridge, Quail, Lark, Plover, Tele, Tarts, &c. With a French troupe of Pulpa-tones, Mackaroonies, Kickshawes, grand and excellent. The battaile ended, I survey the field; and those whom I find untoucht, I place in garrison in my larder: the rest endure a new and fierce assault by the valiant Serving-men. I then repaire my broken army; see their overthrow at supper; drinke my selfe drunk; goe to bed, and my that dayes fury's over. He bee your servant sir in spite of your teeth.

Asterocismus.

Phys. Now yours?

Touch. *Touching* mine. I am my Ladies Gentleman-
usher, and kill Spiders for her Monkey. I am alwaies
her foreman in publike, and sometimes in private: which
makes way for mee to her favour in reversion, if shee
survive two or three defective husbands, and her yet
uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of issue.
Meane time a handfull of cringoes and a little tickling
weds me and the waiting women in her closet with
more vowes and protestations then a wanting gallant
makes when he borrowes mony. Wee will conduct my
Lady to her Bowre, where shee prepares to entertaine
you.

Exit.

Phys. Me thinks I am transform'd into a happinesse
Cannot be figur'd. It before enjoying
The expectation can beget such blisse,
What will possession?

Phleg. Shall I question you sir Cooke?

Taste. Questionlesse a Cooke can answer a Physition.

Phleg. What Physicall observations have you in your
sawces, and condiments? Shall I instruct you?

Taste. I thanke you sir. My method is to dresse Phe-
sant, Partridge and Coney for Lords, but their Ladies
many times make the sawce. The waiting women are
fed with Wagtailes. I prepare tongues for Lawyers:
most commonly Woodcocks for Aldermens Heires, and
Puddings for costive Citizens; whose wives must have
flesh of a Court-dressing, or their bellies will never bee
full. Your projectors feed upon Calves-braines, and
your students upon innocent Mutton.

Chol. I hope sir our after familiarity will bee the often
taking downe of *Chollers* stomach. Wee should agree
well; we both love fire.

Tast. And *Choller* shall not want his Brawne whilst
Cookery and Winter feasts last. I must in and looke to
my roste, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully
taste.

Exit.

Phys.

Microcosmus.

Phys. I am inflam'd. My appetite begins
To burne with hot desires; and if protraction
Delay their satisfying, they'l consume
Themselues and me.

Mal. G. She comes: these sounds forerunne her.

*During the following Song, the third Scene is discover'd,
being a pleasant arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a
magnifique building: in the midst thereof Sensuality sits.*

The Song.

*Flow flow delights,
And pleasures swell to heights.
Drowne every eye with joyfull teares,
And fill the eares
With sounds harmonious as the sphaeres.
Let every sense be ravish'd quite
With a large fulnesse of delights.*

Chorus.

*Joyne all yee instruments of pleasure;
And from th' abundance of your treasure
Chuse out one to enrich this bowre,
And make the Mistrresse of this paramour.*

Phys. *Elysium* sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream't of.

Sens. Let mine eyes first gaze
Vpon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces, I have yet
Converst with earthy shapes, the baser issue
Of that grosse element, but here's a forme
Mingled with fire, that moves the soule of sense,
And kindles passion in me. What was she
Durst ayme to preposseffe her selfe of him
My mouth can onely challenge? Welcome sir.
If my expressions suit not entertainment

Microcosmus.

Of such a guest, creation must be blam'd
That gave none other ; for what ere in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stor'd ;
And shall be ail exhausted to declare
How much I love you.

Phyf. You inthronie me Lady
In happinetic, above the difference
Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect ;
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheeke, lip immortalize me.

Sensf. O'pe my treasury,
And let it waste to emptinesse. Wilt please
Thine eyes ? Wee'l mount a Chariot made of diamonds,
Whose lights reflexion shall create a day
In the Cimmerian velleis. From some height
We will survey the earth, and where weake beames
Cannot extend themselves, wee'l have an optick
Shall show us in an instant all the hemitpheare.
Wee'l see the faire Arcadian Virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves. Wee'l count the beasts
Lurke in Hircanias dens ; number the pines
That crowne *Lycaus*.

Phyf. You are the onely object
Mine eyes would gaze at.

Sensf. Would thine eares be blest
With pleasing sounds ? The ayery Choristers
Shall straine their throats by art, and harmony
Call downe the spheares to make her consort up.

Phyf. Your words are onely musick.

Sensf. For thy smell
Saba shall be translated where thou go'st,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floore
Where thy foot treads.

This breath's perfume enough
To create a Phoenix,
Would it delight thy taste ?

Then

Microcosmus.

Then Samian Peacocks, and Ambracian Kiddle,
Henna of Numidia, Pheasants, Phenicopters,
Tartelian Lamprays; Eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrin; Eleuntian Plaife
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yield from their grapes.

Phys. This kisse is more then *Nectar*.

Sens. Shalt sleepe upon a bed of purvit down,
Driven from white necks of Caysters Swans,
And *Penem* parrowes. With Assyrian slikes
He cloath thy body.

Phys. But this touch is softer.

You ravish me with joves beyond expression.

Chol. Why, this is rare. I am not angry.

Blood. I am very joyfull: this tickles me.

Phle. And mak's me young.

Mel. And me merry.

Tast. Now my licentious murderer, what say you to a
dish of gluttony will breed the gout in a Lord before a
begger can break his fast with it? Are not we cookes
good instruments? who together with an Hospitall of
sinne cause diseases faster then you can cure them?

Sens. A livelyer musick, come sweet heart wee'l dance.

A familiar Country dance.

How doth my sweet heart like it?

I doe not with an Oeconomick strictnesse

Observe my servants, and direct their actions:

Pleasure is free.

To them Bellanima in mourning, Bon. Gen.

But what sad object's this?

Bella. I come to snatch a Husband from thine armes
Lascivious strumper; thou whose looker eyes
Bewicht his ill affection, and entice

E

His

Microcosmus.

His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense,
From my chaste love. Doth not *Physander* see
Ruine hid under every bayt of pleasure;
She lays to catch him?

Sens. Laugh at her sweet heart,
Thou art secure in these embraces.

Bella. Do not
Afflict me thus. Those false dissembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosome,
That never shall be warm with others touch.
Shee's common, and will mixe her lustfull blood
Even with beasts.

Sens. 'Tis but her envy to me.

Bella. Let not her Syrene charms bewitch thee thus
Vnto a shipwrack. Every smile of hers
Shadow's a rock to split thee: in my armes
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clowdes did guard thee.
Am I not sayre? Shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively? grow not colours on my cheekes,
Brighter then those that paynt her rottenesse;
And will *Physander* leave me? Did I not
For sake th'etheriall Palace of my father,
To be thine onely? and a whore to rivall me?
Oh misery!

Phys. Th' art barren of those pleasures
I here enjoy.

Bella. What pleasures? guilded ones,
To mock thy sense, their inside's bitterneffe.
Return, with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these as the great day Starr
His pale cheek & sister, or nightes lesser beautyes.
A thousand wing'd intelligences dayly
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Informe thee of the Worlds new accidents.
Shalt from their scanning frame by my advice,
Rules of prevention; shalt command all arts,
As hand-mayds; shalt converse with Heaven and Angels;
And

Microcosmus.

And after all He bring thee to Elysium,
Cold there compells no use of rugged furs,
Nor makes the mountaines barren. Ther's no dog
To rage and scorch the harvest labourer
Whilst the lascivious Landlord wastes th' increase
In prodigall contrivements, how t' allay
The furious heat with artificiall snowes,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's alwayes there,
And paynts the valleys : whilst a temperate ayre
Sweeps their embroydred face with his cur'd gales,
And breaths perfumes, no Persian aromates :
Pontick Amomus, or Indian balsame
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebony wings; but daylight's alwayes there,
And one blest season crownes th' eternall yeare.

Phys. He heare no more : nor can I be so credulous
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fixt.

Bella. And I made miserable.

Sens. Let's into feast, and revell; and at night
Shalt be possesst of a more full delight. *Exeunt.*

Bel. Thus doth chaste wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant
Whisper some powerfull counsaile in his eare,
That may reclayne him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who 'till then must mourn.

Exeunt severally.

For the Fourth Act.

Tasting, the 4. Complexions drunk, each having a bottle of
Wine in his hand.

Tast. The other health my boyes.

Pble. No more health if you love me.

Tast. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.

Coll. But we will have more health, and lesse health;
or I will make a close stoole pan of your Physitians nod-
dle.

E 2

Tast.

Microcosmus.

Taff. Good brother Cholier be pacified.

Choll. I will not be pacified. He that deny's health, let him think himself dead ere he pronounce it. Cholier's drye.

Mela. So is Melancholy.

Blood. Blood would be heated better.

Pble. And Phlegme moistned.

Choll. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.

Taff. Nay brother Cholier, thou art to crosse.

Mela. And will she not return? then may the Sun
Stable his horses ever, and no day

Gild the black ayre with light. If in mine eye
She be not plac'd, what object can delight it?

Taff. Excellent amorist. Here's to thee Melancholy.

Mela. What do I see? bluth gray-ey'd morne, and spread
Thy purple shame upon the mountain topps;
Or pale thy self with envie, since here com's
A brighter Venus, then the dull-eyd starre,
That lights thee up.

Taff. Very fine Law now: Melancholy hath been
some neglectful Courtier; her's perfect in the-flattery.
If he mistake me for the idoll of his passion, Ile abuse
him.

Mela. Oh let me kisse those payre of red twinn'd cher-
That do dith I Nephew he. (ries.

Taff. Kisse and spare not.

Bite not the cherry stones and eate, I care not.

Mel. Oh turn not from me; let me smell the gums,
Which thy rich breath creates.

Taff. As for my gums you'll find
Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.

Blood. This leg's not right.

Taff. I know it. 'Tis my left.

Blood. Carry your toes wider.

Taff. Take heed that I forget not you.

Blood. Now do your cinque passe cleanly.

Taff. My cinque passe cleanly I A cooke defyes it.

Choll.

Microscopus.

Chol. You lye too open. Guard your selfe better, or
I shall bang your coate.

Phlo. 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostasis
argues a very bad stomack.

Tast. Some Souldier perhaps that want's his Pay.

Phleg. This sediment betokens a great swelling in
the belly.

Tast. 'Tis some Chamber-maide sick of a Midwifes
timpany.

Phleg. 'Twere good she chang'd ayre. Remove her
into the Countrey, and if she fall agen into the greene-
sicknesse, she knows the cure. This water argues a great
heart-burning.

Tast. 'Tis a Lovers that: or some misers that dranke
small beere in the Dog-dayes at his own charges.

Phleg. The owner of this hath an impostume in his
head, and it is neere breaking.

Tast. Perhaps 'tis a Fenciers, or some Shopkeepers,
whose wife sells underhand by retayle.

Phleg. Let him compound for his light wife, and he
may be cur'd without the charity of an Hospitall.

To show Physander sick.

Phys. How on a sudden my delights are clouded?

As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish

That caus'd it more distastefull then th' offence

Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses

Relish no objects. Colours doe not take

My filmed eyes. Mine eares are deafe to sounds,

Though by a *Chorus* of those lovely maides

Which *Iove* begot on faire *Minerfyns*

Sung to *Apollin's* harpe.

Tast. Is it therabouts? He play the state knave, and
informe presently.

Exit.

Phys. Sicknesse begins

To make this ~~frameter~~ mansion. Feavers burne it,

And shake the weak foundation: then a cold

Metacosmus.

Chills is agen, as if a thousand Winters
Contracted into one scatter'd their snow
With Northerne blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palteys dis-joynt the fabrick: loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Helpe me good servants.

Phleg. We cannot helpe our selves.

Chol. Let's kill him, or bee'l kill us.

Melan. *Phlegme* doe thou choake him.

Blond. Ile empty his veins.

Chol. Ile doe it. *Blond's* not worthy the employment.

Blond. Worthier then *Choller*.

Chol. Thou ly't in thy throat.

Blond. Thou hast inflam'd me.

*They fall together by the eares, and Physander weakly
endeavouring to part them, is himselfe hurt, and
they flye.*

Phys. Hold I command yee: How dare yee insult
Vpon my weaknesse thus? Oh I am wounded.
Perfidious villaines, was this trechery
Your duties act? What fury prompted yee
To such inhumane violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven supply me with a balme!
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
E're they are fully gaz'd at. Why did nature
Produce me for her darling; and not arme
My passive body with a prooffe 'gainst thunder?

To him Sensuality, the 5. Senses.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dream't of heaven, when my waking sense
Posselt delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure as if she had been
My captive, and her spoyles enrich't the triumph;
Helpe now to save me: or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great paine

My

My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosome, and I shall forget
That death hath any horror.

Sens. This *Physander*!

I know him not: The bloody spectacle
Is too offensive: Would it were remov'd.

Tass. Please you, Ile carry the Calfe into my Slaugh-
terhouse. But I feare hee'll hardly be drest for your Lady-
ships tooth: he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Phys. Not know me Lady I how am I transform'd!
The sand of many minutes hath not fall'n
From times gray glasse, since you vouchsaf't to call me
Lord of your selfe and pleasures.

Sens. Let me have

Another sweet heart: one whose lustie heat
May warm my bosome. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is paynted with, and strew his way.
Translate my Bower to *Turris* rosie banks,
There, with a Chorus of sweet nightingales
Make it continuall Spring. If the Sunnes rayes
Offend his tender skin, and make it swear,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest ayre;
Breath'd by Etesian windes. The briskest *Nectar*
Shall be his drink, and all th' Ambrosian cares,
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. As his senses tire,
Varye the object. Let delights be linck't,
So in a circled chayne no end we see,
Pleasure is onely my eternity.

Tass. Sick Sir farewell. By that time you are dead I
Will have made you a cawdle.

I sure have dream't; all past was but illusion.
Hould out ye bloodlesse Organes untill I
Have rayl'd upon this strumpet, then I'll dye.

To him she two Genij severally.

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses?

That

Microcosmus.

That I could shoot the poyson of a Basilliske
From my inflam'd eyes, or infect the ayre
With my last breath to kill her.

Mal. G. Ha, ha, he.

Phys. Who's that can laugh at misery?

Mal. G. 'Tis I.

That triumph in thy ruine. I contriv'd it,
And caus'd divorce betwixt thee and thy wife:
Wherin now I will torment.

Phys. That wound is deeper
Then all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chaste wife for the loose embraces
Of sensualitie, a payn'd whore,
Common with beasts. Death hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconcil'd to my *Bellarima*,
Then strike and spare not.

Bon. G. Fixe in that resolution,
He bring her to thee.

Exit.

Phys. That's my good *Geminus*.
The horrors of a thousand nightes made black
With pitchy tempests, and the Moones defect,
When thee's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotoncan Wolves, and groanes of dying Mandrakes
Gather'd for charms; the Schritch-owies farall dirge,
And Ghosts ditturb'd by furies from their peace,
Are all within me.

To him Bellarima, Bonus Geminus.

Bon. G. Wounded by the hands
Of his ditterper'd servants that are fled.

Bella. Look up *Physander*, I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict: I share thy sufferings,
There's not an anguish but it is inflict
As equally on me. Why would *Physander*
Cut wedlocks Gordian, and with looser eyes
Dote on a common wanton? what is pleasure
More then a lustfull motion in the sense?

The

Microscopum.

The prosecution full of anxious feares;
The end Repentance. Though content be call'd
The soule of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life;
Yet if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruine must attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Doe but expresse
A detestation of thy former follies,
We will be reunited, and enjoy
Eternall pleasures.

Phys. Can *Bellanima*

Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
Shee's kinder then thou Love, or pitties self.
Let me be banish't ever to converse
With Monsters in a desert. 'tis a punishment
Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
On the North pole, where a continuall Winter
May bleake me to a statue; or inhabit
The Acherusian fenns, whose noysome ayre
May choake my nostrills with their poysonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.

Bella. Wee'l live *Physander*, and enjoy each other
In new delights: thou shalt be cur'd by *Temperance*.
Shee's the Physitian that doth moderate
Desire with reason, bridling appetite.

*Here the fourth Scene is suddainly discover'd, being a Rock,
with a spring of water issuing out of it. As the foot there-
of a cave; where Temperance sits betwixt a Philoso-
pher, an Hermite, a Ploughman and a Shepherd. Be-
hind the Rocks a Lantskip.*

Yonder's her Cave, whole plaine, yet decent roose
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch;
Nor are the carv'd supporters artists worke
Bought at the wealth of provinces; she feeds not
On costly viands, in her gluttony,

F

Wast.

Microcosmus.

Wasting the spoyles of conquests : from a rock
That weeps a running christall she doth fill
Her shell cup, and drinks sparingly.

Phys. Shee cannot
Heale my affliction; mercyes selfe denyes
A time and meanes, and onely black despayre
Whispers th'approach of death.

Bon. G. Remove that sinne,
And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
When that alone may make amends for all.

Phys. Might I yet live to practice my resolve
Of reformation, sooner should the day
Leave to distinguish night; the Sunne should choake
His breathlesse horses in the western mayne,
And rise no more, the gray morn ushering in
His light approach, then my relapse from thee,
And goodnesse cause new miseries. Direct me,
Yet heavenly ministers; informe my knowledge
In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
Whilst yet my sighes suck in th' unwilling ayre,
That swells my wasted lunges. Though not in life,
In death Ile be *Bellanima's*.

Bella. Physander,
Expire not yet : thy wounds are not so mortall.
Helpe me to beare him yonder; gently rayse
His weakned body. What can we not endure,
When paynes are lessen'd by the hope of cure?

Temp. What wretched piece of miserable riot
Is this that needs the ayde of *Temperance*?
What caus'd his sicknesse?

Bella. Liberty in ill
To please his senses, which have surfeited
With an excesse : and if your art supply not,
Death will divorce us. Pity then sweet Lady,
And from your treasure of instructions
Prescribe a powerfull medicine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increase,

Lesse-

Microcosmus.

Less'ning his weakned powers. To a chaste wife
Preserve (now 'tis reform'd) her husbands life.

Temp. Let the earth be his bed; this rock his pillow;
His curtines heaven; the murmur of this water
Instead of musick charm him into sleepe.
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, confected juice
Of Pontick nuts, and Idumean palmes
Candy'd with Ebofian sugar; lampreyes guts (nesie,
Fetcht from Carpathian straights, and such like wanton-
Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is where 'tis barren
Enforc't by industrye. Then poure this balsome
Into his wounds, and whil't his senses rest
Free from their passive working, and endure
Partiall privation of their meanes and objects,
His slumbers shall present what mor's requir'd
To make him found.

Bella. My endlesse thanks great power,
Mother of other vertues. Whilst he sleeps,
My cares shall watch him. Oh thou death like god,
That chayn'st the senses captive, and do'st rayse
Dreames out of humours, whose illusive shadowes,
Oft work on fancy to beget believe
Of prophecies, let no black horrors mixe
Their frightfull presence, but with gentle shoves,
(Yet such as are instructive) sweetly worke
Vpon what wakes within whilst th'other cease;
Then sleeps the figure of eternall peace.

They daunce every one in a proper garbe, shewing their respect to Temperance, whilst Phylander sleeps betwix Bellanima and Bonus Genius, that seeme to dresse his wounds.

Phys. I feele quick sence return, and every Organe
Is active to performe its proper office:
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven

Microcosmus.

Wrought on me?

Bella. Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this thy lifes restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou mayst preserve it to a length,
And end it happie.

Temp. What thy dreames presented,
Put straight in act, and with a constancie
Persever in't. Rewards will onely crowne
The end of a well protecured good.
Philosophie; religious solitude
And labour waite on *Temperance*: in these
Desire is bounded; they instruct the mindes
And bodies actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ill.
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sinne
Can never find a way to enter in.

Phys. Let me digest my joyes; I onely now
Begin to live: the former was not perfect.

Bella. Wee'l shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertaine us.

Temp. I will meet ye there;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Iustice, Prudence, Fortitude and me
In the bright robes of immortalitie.

Phys. My heart's too narrow to containe the joyes
This reconciliation fills it with.
Chayne me agen to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despayre when next I fall.
Let this my resolution be enroll'd
Amongst eternall acts not to be cancell'd.
Then man is happy, and his blisse is full
When hee's directed by his better soule.

Exeunt.

*Temperance with the rest of hers being return'd into the
Scene, is closeth.*

For

Microcosmus.

For the last Act.

Malus Genius as discontented.

Mal. G. It must not be; his glory is my shame.
Mischiefe attempted if it want successe,
Is the contrivers punishment. As dares
Shot at resisting walls, in their returne
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. He practise all
That hell can teach me, but He work his fall.

*To the Malus Gen. Sensuality, the five Senses in some
and beggerlike habits.*

Who's here?

Sens. Into what misery hath riot
Brought my decayed state? Whilst I had the means
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me
A mercenary prostitute, and since
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want and a loathsome sicknesse
Make me reflect; nor can I but accuse my self
At Conscience barre, but not with penitence;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custome hath confirm'd me in all ill. *Exeunt.*

Mal. G. To accuse *Phyander*, thither will I goe,
And if all fayle try what despaire can doe.

*To the Mal. Gen. Phyander, Bellanima in their first ha-
bits with Bookes in their hands, Bonus Genius,
she foure Complexions.*

Hee's here.

Phyf. I shall not need your diligence.
Your trecherie (although forgiven) hath made me
Watchfull upon ye. I have gotten now

Microcosmus.

A carefull guide to manage my assayres.
Retire. I do embrace thy fellowship
Prudence, thou vertue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evill
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason.
Teach me contempt of all inferiour vanities.
Pride in a marble portall gilded ore;
Assyrian carpets; chayres of ivory;
The luxurie of a stupendious house;
Garments perfum'd; gemmes valew'd not for use
But needlesse ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baytes of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lye.

Bella. Shee's a majestick ruler, and commands
Even with the terrour of her awfull brow.
As in a throng sedition being rays'd,
Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madnesse,
Firebrands and stones fly; fury shews them weapons:
Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdom,
They straight are silent, and erect their eares,
Whilst he with his sage counsaile doth assuage
Their minds disorder, and appease their rage.
So Prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have rayl'd temptations, with their batteryes
Assaulking reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weake,
If their vaine forces wisdom deigne to breake.

Phys. Temperance, to thee I owe my after life;
Thou that command'st o're pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
All to a sound meane: under thy low roose
Ile care and sleepe, whilst grave Philosophy
Instructs my soule in Iustice. What is she?

Bella. A habit of the mind by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures
Enjoying Law and Iustice; but the worst

Microcosmus.

If separated from them. 'Tis establisht
By feare of Law, and by Religion;
Distributes due to all.

Phyf. That is reward
To vertue, and to vice it's punishment.
The thought of it hath horrore in't. I fell
From height of goodnesse in forsaking thee,
And must be punish't. Why is it delay'd?
Inflit it straight; protraction makes it greater.

Bella. *Phylander* is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
On thy past errors, but with sorrowes eyes,
That may be guides to the prevention
Of after ills.

Phyf. Distract me not with comforts.
If justice hath no other instrument,
I must and will be just unto my selfe.
When I have felt a torment that doth equall
Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirme me,
Bellanima is satisf'd.

Bella. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on Fortitude.
Be not dejected by a feare that's groundd
On such a weake foundation. 'Tis not th'appetite
Of things that carry horrore makes men valiant;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessited.

Phyf. Can Fortitude
Be without lustice? Lustice without Fortitude
Is perfect in it self. When I am just,
Valour is usefull.

Bella. It begins to worke;
He prosecute the rest. What he intends
For good, shall be inverted to my ends.

Exit.

Phyf. Diswade me not *Bellanima*, I cannot
Think the dimensions of thy goodnesse such,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without it's satisfaction.

Then

Microcosmus.

Then will I challenge thy forgiveness due
When I have suffer'd punishment; I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentleness.

Bella. Resist

This black temptation: thy ill *Genius* whisper'd it.

Phyf. 'Tis taught me here; justice instructs me in't.
Yet when I feele the lashes of their snakes
Hells judges doe employ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the restless wheele
Hurries my racks limbes, (for these torments are
Lesse then my fault deserves,) He laugh at all,
And with a scorn provoke the executioners
'Till they are tir'd; and whilst they take in breath,
Contrive some yet unheard of. Fortitude
Shall teach me to beare all, (their end being justice)
With more delight, then when I did enjoy
Pleasures with Sensualitie.

Bon. G. He try him.

Hells malice sometimes doth pretend that good
Which Heaven instructs, to make distinguishable
Their severall acts. But like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas throwne:
So in afflictions violence he that's wise,
The more hee's cast down will the higher rise. *Exit.*

Bella. Presume not yet *Phylander*: thou art weake.
Feare, so Pusillanimous, is better
Then daring confidence.

Phyf. I will encounter
With a whole host of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th'artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality; meete thunder if but warn'd
That it is coming, and be fixt unmov'd
Tembrace the subtile fire, though one step
Might guard me in a grove of Magick Bayes
Wall'd with Hienas skinner. The apprehension
Of horror shall not fright me, though presented
In the most hideous shape conceit can paynt.

Microcosmus.

To them three Furies.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
Sent to torment me? Speake, and satisfie
My growing feares, which like an earthquake, when
Pent ayre dilates it self with violence
Doe shake my trembling heart.

1. *Fur.* We are the daughters
Of night and Acheron; our number three,
Answering those three affects that beare then he adlong
Into all wickednesse. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosome, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, untill it hurrie thee
Vnto some desperate act, and on thy self
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bella. Now *Physander*,
Where is this boatted valour? Feare's exprest
Even in thy silence. Terror of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Then th'ill it self: yet where true fortitude
Guard's the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,
When it increaseth bouldnesse. Chance may cleare
Many of punishment, but none of feare.
Thou art not well instructed: go with me,
He teach thee how to shun them.

Exeunt.

2. *Fur.* Hath he scap't us?
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? Then they must feed
Vpon mine own.

To them Malus Genius.

Mal. G. Now my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successfull?

3. *Fur.* No; reason guards him; frustrates our designe.
And we must back to be our own tormentors. *Exeunt Fur.*

Ma. G. Will nothing prosper? Lend me *Erasmus* adders,
That from their poyson my infected envie
May swell untill it breake, venting a sea
Of mischief to o'rewhelme him. One birth more

G

My

Microcosmus.

My malice labours with. If that miscarry,
He in content of heaven that guards his bride
Eate mine owne heart, and we're be satisfi'd.

To the Mal. Gen. Feare.

The Iudge is entring.

Feare. Make way there for my Lord Conscience: he
is upon coming, and I was afraid the cushions had not
been handſomely layd for his ease. Long causes many
times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long
sitting before dinner; it makes feare have but a cold sto-
mack. Bless me! who's this? one of the divells the law-
yers? Her case must needs have a black boxe. (to ?

Mal. G. I come to accuse *Physander*. Why dost quake

Feare. You never knew feare without an ague.

Ma. G. Feare often cures it.

Feare. In the country where wise physicians practise.

Ma. G. Is the court ready to sit?

Feare. Instantly. But pray' how long have you beene
a sollicitrix?

Ma. G. Never before.

Feare. I fear'd as much, when you aske an officer so
many idle questions without some feeling.

Ma. G. What officer art?

Feare. No worse then the mouth of the court, that re-
ceives all in with, O yes.

To them Conscience, Hope, Despaire, Sensuality,
the five Senses.

You see the power of that word;
They are here. Stand by there.

Hope. Hope must be still an advocate.

Conse. 'Tis well.

Despaire's a subtile pleader, and employ'd
Onely by hell.

Desp. Be wing'd, and fetch him higher:
Let me alone; He have a plea shall shake
His courage.

Exit Mal. Gen.

Conse.

Microcosmus.

Conse. Feare call a court.

Feare. O yes, o yes, o yes : All wicked mortalls that have any businesse in the court of Conscience, let them come and accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall be judg'd by the proverb.

Con. List to my charge. *Conscience* the judge of actions Is neither power, nor habit, but an act;
To wit an application of that knowledge
That shewes the difference. Its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th' intligation
Of will to good and honest things, and seates
The mind in a rich throne of endlesse quiet;
When being clog'd with guilt of many ills,
Those leaden waight expresse it as it mounes,
And sink it into horror. *Conscience* stain'd
Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrod's
The part it hath infected, and though cur'd
It leaves a scarre. So heale a wounded Conscience:
Repentance stayes as the vestigium,
Or marke impress, by which the past disease
Is found to have been. There's no punishment
Like that, to beare the witnesse in ones brest
Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
Beat's it with silent stripes; guilty of blame.
But being unstain'd it laughs at lying fame.

Feare. Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge :
it may indoctrinate ye for Iustices, if there be not too much of Conscience in it.

Conse. *Hope* is in opposition with despaire;
And like a zealous advocate i'th' cause
Of his afflicted clyent, labours still
To overthrow the fallacies and quirkes
Despayre is nimble in; whil't feare with trembling
Expects the trialls issue. By these three
Mens acts inform'd of, scann'd and canvas'd be,
At length by Conscience censur'd, thy are sent
To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Feare. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Microcosmus.

Conse. What are you ?

Sens. A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been a Lady of pleasure, and kept an open house where Lords tooke me up at high rates, 'till my bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Fears. And the Geese that gras'd on it would always be ever roasted.

Sens. I thence fell to inferiour customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voyce. Night-walking then supply'd me, whil't I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an almes-basket : and those which heretofore would hire me to sinne, doe now deny me the benefit of a Splittle. I have not strength to climbe and hang my selfe; and having been so light all my life time 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. Hope yet with griefe, and mend.

Sens. My mending must be miraculous. Were it in art to repayre this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden dayes and coaching agen. But now welcome a cart or a Shrove-tuesdayes tragedy. Despaire tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have convertit with heates all my life time, feare it ?

Fears. Stand by there. What are you ?

Sens. My Ladyes ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly : the difference onely, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman usher. Hell I feare not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides the whips of furies are not halfe so terrible as a blew coate, and the shrieks of tormented ghosts nothing to the noyse of hemphammers.

Conse. Proceed quickly with the rest.

Fears. I would excuse my selfe; but I despaire of being heard, now my Lady's decayd and housekeeping broke up. I feare nothing so much as to be torne in
pieces

Microcosmus.

pieces by the revengefull beggars.

Smell. That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided buriall for many a scavengers horse in my dogs bellies; but finding it troublesome and unfavoury, tooke an easier course, and converted the remaines of dinner and supper that should have fed the poore, into my dogs breakfast. For which I expect to be pursu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly scape it.

Fear. Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow: shall I speake a word in thy behalfe?

Tast. No: *Fear's* an ill orator; hee'l be out. I have been the most notorious thief, that ever rob'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchen-stuffe, then would have victualled a Flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers; gone on their scores, and payd them with hornes: helping to undo my Lady with the greatnesse of mine own credit. I have coney-catcht many a poulterers wife, and she hath pluckt my feathers: what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve, licking my fingers and the halfe-cold drippingpan. Since my Ladyes decay I am degraded from a cooke, and I feare the divell himself will entertaine me but for one of his black guard; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

Desp. Stand by. You shall be sentenc'd presently.

Touch. I was a spruce observer of formality; wore good cloathes at the second hand, and payd for them quarterly. Together with my Ladyes my fortune tell, and of her gentleman usher I became her applesquire, to hold the doore, and keepe centinell at taverns. I can play the Bravo where my affronting is upon sure advantage: otherwise I can be kick't with as much patience, as a hungry fidler, when he expects the reversion of a gallants oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the *Succubi* in hell, but other preferment I despaire of.

Consc. Custome in ill that doe affect the sense
Makes reason uselesse, when it should direct

Microcosmus.

The ills reforming. Men habituate
In any evill, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advise doth seldome mend, but makes them worse.

To them *Malus Genius*, *Physander*, *Bellanima*,
Bonus Genius.

Mal. G. He's come. Now use your utmost skill in plea,
For feare our cause miscarry.

Conse. Who is this?

Desp. Her's his accuser that prefers th' indictment.

Conse. Let it be read.

Feare. Stand out *Physander*.

Desp. Thou art indicted by the name of *Physander*
Lord of *Microcosmus*, for that being wedded to the faire
and chaste *Bellanima*, daughter and heire of immortall
Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and been guilty of
incontinence with a common whore, *Sensuality*.

Phys. 'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witnesse;
I beare it in my Conscience. Yet reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past doth restore frayle man
To his first innocence. What mine hath beene,
My earth bed wet with nightly teares can witnesse,
And sighes, have made the trembling ayre retire,
Vnwillling to be lodg'd in a sad brest
Already fill'd with zeale. If a perseverance
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And joynd unto this sorrow may prevayle
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgiveness.

Desp. But despaire me thinks
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternall justice will inflict:
And feare of deserv'd punishment should make thee
Tremble with horror.

Hope. 'Tis not so false orator,
Necessity may be a powerfull strengthening
Of humane fraikie: and as it acur's
Sloth often into Diligence, Despaire

Microasmus.

May be Hopes cause. The temple-robber to appease
Th' offended god head to the Altar flies;
Nor shames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes.
Let thy resolves be firme.

Phys. As fates decrees
Enrol'd in Steele. Nor will I be secure
In any confidence of mine own strength:
For such security is oft the mother
Of negligence, and that th' occasion
Of unremedied ruine. From instructions
Found here, we will consult our after-safetyes.
And in all courses of my following life,
I will be guyded by my heavenly wife.

Conse. He then pronounce ye happy. Man's a ship
Laden with riches. Tempests rage, and hell
Sends pirates out to rob him; heavens eye guards him;
His soule's the pilot, who through various seas
Of time and fortune brings him to the port
Of endlesse quiet. Now dismiss the court. *Exeunt.*

Mal. G. My malice burst me. I have toy'd in vaine:
And mine own torment is my onely gaine. *Exit.*

Sens. He with thee to that place where horrors fright
The guilty conscience with eternall night. *Exit.*

Bon. G. Now freely passe unto the blest abodes,
Where those heroes that do merit it
In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
Pleasures beyond all comprehension.

Bella. All lets are now remov'd; hell's malice falls
Beneath our conquest, and Loves palace gates
Ope'to receive our triumph.

*Here the last Scene is discover'd, being a glorious throne:
at the top whereof Love sits betwixt Iustice, Tempe-
rance, Prudence and Fortitude, holding two crownes of
starres: at the foote upon certaine degrees sit divers glo-
riously habited and alike as Elysijncolx; who whilst
Love and the Vertues lead Physander and Bellanima to
the throne, place themselves in a figure for the dance.*

The

Microcosmus.

The Song.

*Welcome, welcome happy payre
To those abodes, where spicie ayre
Breaths perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his objects excellence.
Where's no heate, nor cold extreme;
No winters ice, nor summers scorching beame.
Where's no sun, yet never night.
Day alwayes springing from eternall light.*

Chorus.

*All mortall sufferings layd aside
Here in endlesse blisse abide.*

*Love. Welcome to Love my now lov'd heyre,
Elysium's thine; ascend my chayre.
For following Sensuality
I thought to disinherit thee.
But being new reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine onely daughter, fate allow's
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Joyne ye that were his guides to this:
Thus I in throne ye both. Now kisse,
Whil'st you in active measures move,
Led on to endlesse joyes by Love.*

*The daunces ended, they returne to their first order, whil'st
Love speaks the Epilogue: which done, he is receiv'd into
the Scene, and it closeth.*

The End.